Fog

Attaché case jots
past a tree, black, both.

Or does the wet trunk move
behind the case?

I ask you. So in a sense, *a*
goes by *b* and therefore...
(In a sense!--what else?)

Orientation anchors
convention’s every
rage, so must I,

for most mad
you, map a channel

on our page. But
proof lives not in
such. What a *face*!

My faithfulness
to nothing rubs.